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## SCARLET FEVER.

### HOW TO LIMIT ITS SPREAD.

DURING the early ages of medical science, and indeed until quite recent times, physicians aimed exclusively at the treatment of disease. While the idea held sway, that disease was a something which required to be exorcised by charms or incantations, to be weakened and finally vanquished by blood-letting, or to be expelled from the system by drastic purgatives, according as the popular or prevalent theory ruled at the time, *prevention* was little thought of. Better counsels came by degrees to regulate opinion as knowledge increased, and now the aim of advanced medicine has come to be the prevention of disease.

While there are many ailments which arise in a manner too obscure to be as yet exactly traced, there are some which by almost universal consent are believed to be only communicated from the sick to the sound, and which never own a spontaneous origin. Of such, measles, hooping-cough, and scarlet fever are familiar examples. Each has peculiarities of its own as to the mode in which it fixes on its victim. Of all three, measles may be said to be most infectious. Few persons escape an attack of measles; and there are many well-authenticated instances of its recurrence, even after no very long space of time. It is undoubtedly communicable before the characteristic eruption has shown itself; when merely sneezing and the symptoms of an ordinary cold in the head, with perhaps some degree of rough cough, are present. Separation of those unaffected is often not resorted to till too late; and as measles, for a considerable time, often nearly fourteen days, gives no sign of its having been caught, parents are lulled into fancied security. Measles seems most infectious during its earliest stages, becoming gradually less so as it approaches convalescence; and this feature renders the limitation of its spread, by isolation of those first affected by it, a difficult, and in many cases an almost impossible task.

Hooping-cough is also infectious before the well-known hoop has been heard, and the nature of the disease thus rendered unmistakable. To the inexperienced, its commencement is exactly that of a feverish cold. And the fact that there is more cough, and that the paroxysms of coughing recur with a certain degree of regularity, and are worse after meals, is not in general noticed, unless attention has been excited by the occurrence of other cases in the neighbourhood. In hooping-cough also, the general health suffers little in mild cases, and the children suffering from it, if kept from school, are still permitted to go freely about. Hooping-cough and measles, therefore, will under present circumstances continue to spread and be spread, without our being able very materially to limit their extension. Hooping-cough, it is true, is mainly a disease of childhood; and though it does sometimes seize on grown-up persons, and may even attack those a second time, yet childhood once passed, immunity, even without undergoing it, is the rule during after-life. Measles may occur at any age, provided security more or less complete has not been afforded by a previous attack. It seems, too, to tell more severely on adults than on children, and to be to the former more dangerous; hence, while we should not court it for our children, it is perhaps better not too jealously to shun it.

Scarlet fever stands out in distinct contrast to measles and to hooping-cough in many particulars. It may attack with a severity which strikes one with awe. Constantly entire families are attacked by this dreaded disease, and since smallpox, thanks to vaccination, has been modified, and might be entirely stamped out, scarlet fever is the most fatal of all the eruptive diseases. It is scarcely if at all infectious during its earliest periods, and when it can be most certainly recognised; while left to itself, it tends to become, day by day, and for a considerable if not indefinite time, increasingly communicable. No wonder than the name of scarlet fever carries terror with it. Attempts have been made to lessen the dread by calling mild cases scarlatina,

a euphemism much to be reprobated, though fast passing into disuse. It cannot be too fully known that scarlatina is but scarlet fever under another name, and that the mildest form of this disease in one individual may impart it in its direct malignity to another. The restriction is used advisedly, for there are unquestionably epidemics of scarlet fever much more severe than others. The type of the disease is not always the same.

It is, then, the manifest duty of every one to do his utmost to check the progress of this disease by all means in his power; and that much, very much may be done in this direction, is certain. Indeed it may be said that while there are few diseases more preventable than scarlet fever, there is perhaps none which the medical man dreads more to have to do with; its course is so uncertain, its vagaries so peculiar, and its results at times so serious.

The treatment of scarlet fever can only be properly carried out by a duly qualified medical man; but the means by which its spread may be prevented, cannot be too widely known, or too promptly acted on. The sore throat, the strawberry tongue, the feverishness, and the scarlet rash, though not all equally distinct, are yet unmistakable; and as all these occur at the very onset of the disease, and at the time when we can almost certainly prevent its spreading to others, action should be taken at once. Scarlet fever is a disease of children and young adults. In general, with advancing life the liability to it steadily decreases; and when middle age has been reached, the chances of taking it are small. The later in life, then, we are exposed to its contagion, the less risk we run. Hence the young should be isolated, and the elderly should act as nurses to those struck down by it; or if not the elderly unprotected by a previous attack, those who have already had the disease. A second attack of scarlet fever, though not absolutely unknown, is excessively rare.

The removal of those members of a family who have not yet had scarlet fever to a distance from the individuals affected, where they may be free from accidental communication, or may be transplanted entirely for a time from an infected district, would seem the most certain mode of protection. And yet there are often many drawbacks. Such a procedure is always more or less expensive. It may necessitate that children requiring special care should be placed in the hands of comparative strangers, and in the event of their falling ill, the anxiety of the parents is doubled. Can there be no means devised which will reduce to a minimum the chances of the spread of the disease, without distant separation?

It is needful, to estimate the possibility of this, to understand the modes in which scarlet fever is conveyed from one to another. The infective particles which have the power of

reproducing scarlet fever, exist in the scales which separate from the skin of the convalescent, and float in the breath exhaled from his lungs. These are the main, if not the only channels through which the disease is conveyed from the affected to the healthy. When once these minute infective particles have become diffused in the air which surrounds the sick person, we have no further control over them. We have no available means of disinfecting the atmosphere. Those substances which might possess the power of neutralising the contagion in the air, are incompatible with life, and if employed in a strength sufficient to exercise control over the infective material, would prove fatal to every living being within their range. Thus all agents employed to disinfect the air of the apartment, or the house, are, to say the least of it, harmful. If they are possessed of odour, they mask the closeness of the air, and the consequent necessity for ventilation. If they have no smell, they are objectionable, as tending to foster feelings of false security.

When an individual contracts scarlet fever, when he catches its infection, the first symptoms are manifested in the throat; the second, within a few hours after, in the eruption on the skin. Now, though we cannot disinfect the air which surrounds him, we can, by the employment of what are termed antiseptics, disinfect his throat, and thus prevent the infectious particles from being taken up by the breath which he expires from his lungs. We can in the same way disinfect his skin, and thus render the scales thrown off in the process of peeling which takes place during his recovery, innocuous. We can thus prevent the air of the chamber in which he lies from ever becoming charged with the floating poison; which is much better than were we to endeavour to destroy this poison when it has become diffused in the atmosphere. The latter method is a very roundabout one. The clothes, the bedding, all he touched, all round about him during his illness, are carefully fumigated, and otherwise cleaned, purified, or destroyed, after he becomes well; but the patient himself, the source of all the danger, is forgotten, as far as employing precautionary measures for the protection of his attendants during the whole course of his complaint.

What, then, can be done in this respect? First, the congested skin should be kept soft and pliant, and should be soothed by warm baths. Such, of course, should not be given without sanction from the medical man in attendance, but are not usually counter-indicated. Bathing a child in water of a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit at bedtime, cools the fevered skin, and calms and soothes, and predisposes to sleep. At the same time it washes away any particles of skin which have become loose, and prevents an excessive dryness of the surface, which favours too free peeling. After the bath, a medicated ointment is

gently smeared over the whole surface. This prolongs the cooling effect of the bath, and while by its oiliness it lessens the production of the dry scales, it renders at the same time those which form, harmless. The ointment best suited for this purpose is one composed of thirty grains of carbolic acid, ten grains of thymol, one drachm of Vaseline, and as much simple ointment as will make the whole up to an ounce. The odour of this is not unpleasant, while it retains its greasiness for a considerable time after being applied. It should be smeared on in the morning, as well as at night, after the bath. When the patient is well enough, one or two thorough washings with carbolic acid soap, in which process the hair and head should be included, will remove all remains of infection. For the throat we now possess a remedy thoroughly efficient and at the same time safe. The whole of the back and sides of the throat and the tonsils should be brushed three or four times a day at least with a saturated solution of boracic acid, or still better, of Barff's boryglyceride, in glycerine. This causes no pain, and the taste is not unpleasant. Children make no objection to its use, for they find how much more comfortable the throat feels after it has been painted over.

All bed and body linen, everything which can be washed which the patient has used, should be put into a tub containing one large table-spoonful of carbolic acid dissolved in the water with which it is filled, so soon as they are removed from his person. In this way they can be carried from the room without any risk of their spreading the disease to others, and washed without danger.

The process we have described thus briefly is simple enough. It can be carried out in the poorest house, and if carried out, might many a time and oft stay the progress of this justly dreaded disease. We owe it as a distinct duty to those around us, to endeavour to shield them by any means we can from acquiring through our negligence any contagious or infectious disease. We should seize with eagerness any means which can protect our little ones, or those of others, from a very infectious and a frequently fatal disorder.

The writer has very thoroughly tested the plan suggested. As an example of what may be effected, the following instance may be cited. A child in a family where there were four others younger than herself, who had not had scarlet fever, contracted the disease from a neighbour's child. She was seen as soon as the rash had come fairly out. The house consisted of two rooms; but isolation, in the sense of completely separating the family, was impossible from various circumstances in the house, and the parents objected to the removal of the child to a hospital. The plan of treatment sketched above was carefully carried out by an anxious and intelligent mother, and though all the family used the room more or less by day and night during the entire course of the child's illness, none of the four unprotected children took the disease. The mother at the time had an infant, which she brought up on the bottle, and thus handled the milk freely; and she was the sole attendant on the other children. This is no solitary example. Others, where the conditions were as crucial as this, might easily be related, but all indicate the

same fact—that it is possible very materially to limit the contagiousness or infectiousness of scarlet fever by very simple means, and thus to control more or less completely the spread of the disease.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—'WE SHALL UNMASK HER YET.'

'A GENTLEMAN, please, Captain, who would like to speak a word with you, if you are disengaged,' said old Robert, the head, and indeed only waiter at *Budgers's Hotel*, Jane Seymour Street, Strand, as he stood in the doorway of Chinese Jack's private sitting-room, on the first-floor of that delectable hostelry, his dingy napkin twisted *secundum artem* around his dingier thumb.—'No, sir; he didn't give any name. From abroad, I think,' added the waiter, with a cough.

Sea-captains are held to be a choleric race; but Mrs Budgers's favourite lodger must either have been very tolerant of interruptions, or the visit must not have been entirely an unexpected one. 'I'll come down, Bob,' said the Captain, with a nod, as he laid down his pen—he was engaged in writing—and the waiter vanished. Instantly a dark cloud of anxiety settled on the sunburnt face of Chinese Jack. 'No news, so the proverb says, is good news,' he muttered between his teeth as he closed and clasped and carefully locked away, in one of his new and shining trunks, the slim volume in which he had been busily making entries in a fine clear handwriting; 'and if so, I suppose I am as likely to hear of failure as success.' However, his hand was quite steady as he brushed his bright hat, and opening his door, sauntered slowly down-stairs, pausing to exchange a civil good-morning with Mrs Budgers, the landlady, who, with her artificial flowers in her portentous cap, and looming large, more than ever resembled a bloated spider lurking among the bottles of the darkling bar. On the outer threshold stood a thin, slight, wiry man, in black. His back was turned; but Chinese Jack was not in the slightest doubt as to whom his visitor was. He strolled forward, however, without hurrying his pace, and said: 'I beg your pardon—they told me— Ah, Silas, is it you?'

'Glad to meet you, Rollington,' answered the other with perfect gravity; and the two men shook hands as simply as though they were—what the hangers-on of Budgers's believed them to be—two old acquaintances who had met after some years.

'Won't you come in?' said Chinese Jack, hospitably.

But the stranger, whose American accent had been perceptible to the practised ear of Bob the waiter, declined to come in; and a brief colloquy ended in the pair of lately reunited friends strolling slowly off together, down the steep and narrow street, towards the black wharf that overlooked the river, Chinese Jack puffing at his eternal cigarette as he rambled on.

The wharf once reached, the adventurer threw off his air of languid indifference. 'Come, old partner,' he said, with a laugh that rang harshly even on his own ear; 'you and I learned in

California to read the faces of the sportsmen we played cards with, didn't we? Just now, we're in the same boat as at Golden Gulch. I see, Melville, as plainly as if it were printed or painted in eight-inch capitals on yonder board, that you have not come empty-handed, in the figurative sense of the word. Well, out with it, old mate and old friend. It matters more to me than to you. I don't know whether the London fog has dulled my nerves, or what it is, but it is borne home to me, sometimes, that this is my last chance in life. I've spent money on it—put my pile on, haven't I? as we staked it at *monté* once, in Pacific seaboard towns.'

'The last time we talked together, and again in your last letter to me'—began the American.

But Chinese Jack feverishly cut him short. 'Yes, yes; I know, I know. I promised five hundred pounds—and I am solvent. Come now, man, let us have a settlement at once!'

'My dear former partner,' answered Silas Melville, with a touch of scorn, 'you need be under no apprehension. It is my belief that you have made an excellent investment, both of the cash you have disbursed, and of the sum which you propose to pay. I really think, Jack, that you are doing a good deed, for once in a way, and that we shall both of us be instrumental in preventing a cruel wrong.'

'When I polished off that Indian who already counted on your scalp to add to the embroidery of his deerskin moccasins,' roughly retorted Chinese Jack, 'you didn't doubt, then, that I was good for something.'

'You are clear grit, Jack,' placidly rejoined the American; 'but we are among quiet folks now, and far from the prairies. Come, Rollington, I excuse your impatience. You are a man used to an active life, and you have been chafing here, and seeing your money go, as you thought, in dribblets for no purpose. But the more I study this case, the more it unfolds itself before me, the surer do I feel that we are on the right track. The proof of it is, that I have ceased to ask you, as you know, for the further advances which, according to our rules, should have been exacted, and that now I feel convinced of success. That young woman in Bruton Street—that other sister whom Sir Pagan harbours—is'

'Is—what?' asked Chinese Jack curtly.

'Is the veriest impostor, the most double-dyed dissembler that ever cloaked the rapacity of a false nature beneath a fair outside,' replied the American, with an earnestness that was unusual with him, it would seem; 'for his former companion half-sneeringly remarked:

'You seem quite excited, Silas.'

'I am,' replied the Private Inquirer, whose temper remained unruffled by the implied sarcasm; 'and I will tell you why, Jack. Since I have been in this line of life, I have come to take an interest in my new profession, quite independently of the pounds, shillings, and pence to be earned by the exercise of it. And why not?' demanded the American, warming as he spoke. 'When a sharper was detected, west of the Rockies, with copped dice, or cards up his sleeve, we honest miners rejoiced, didn't we? But what is the wickedness we have known out in the frontier

Territories, where every wanderer carries his life in his hand, compared with the cool, deliberate treachery of a young girl like that? I tell you, Rollington, that if I were to lose—instead of gaining—by the prosecution of this case, I could not take my hands from the plough-stilts now. When first you came to me at the office, I took your instructions as a mere matter of every-day routine. But when you intrusted me, gradually, with more important tasks, and it dawned upon me by degrees how exceptional was this business, even in our line, where mysteries are rife, I came to care for the case for its own sake. I have given it more and more of my attention and of my thoughts, as time went on, until this Leominster affair has come to be uppermost in my mind.'

'It signifies a good deal to me,' answered Chinese Jack, tossing away a charred remnant of his cigarette. 'I shall be a made man, as they call it, if our side wins. And I grow weary of ranging the world, like a winter wolf that is hunted from township to township, when hunger drives it in from the snowy wilderness to snarl and prowl about the log-hut and the corral of the settler. It's a question with me of comfort and peace for my old days,' added the adventurer, with something of mournfulness in his flexible voice, that freed it for the moment of its mocking tone; 'and so I'm glad, Silas, that you are so confident as you seem.'

'That Madame de Laloupe,' said the Private Inquirer abruptly, 'you know a trifle more about her, Rollington, I guess, than ever you thought fit to communicate to me.'

A queer smile curled the listener's lips. Chinese Jack had winced a little at the sudden mention of the Sphinx's name, but so very slightly, that he flattered himself that the start had escaped the vigilant eyes of his companion. Very composedly he made answer, between the whiffs of a fresh cigarette: 'I told you what I knew, Silas, and what I fancied, too, if you remember. A dangerous woman—not pleasant to have for an enemy—not safe to have for a friend. All the more formidable in either capacity, because she has been prudent enough to keep on speaking terms with Mrs Grundy, and is not, like Chinese Jack and rovers of his sort, quite outlawed and quite lost.'

'Well,' resumed Melville, tapping, with the ungloved forefinger of one nervous hand, on the tough black top of the weather-beaten post against which he was leaning, 'what you thought fit to tell me, Jack, concerning this former foreign acquaintance of yours is, I am bound to say, very amply confirmed by all which I have managed to pick up through various channels. A dangerous friend, as you say; and a dangerous adviser. Her presence in Bruton Street—and she is there often now—is of itself a sign that—Never mind what. There certainly is mischief brewing. I could but watch and wait; but it is not for nothing that I have kept my eyes and ears open, old partner. We could not, from the nature of things, make the first move. The only question was, what would be the tactics of the enemy. Well, they are bolder, of their kind, than I, for one, had expected. I hardly thought to find Scotland Yard against us; but so, just at present, it is.'

'Umph!' muttered Chinese Jack uneasily, and



with a sidelong glance at the Private Inquirer. 'Got your familiar spirits there, too, Silas?'

'I find it necessary to procure intelligence wherever it is to be had,' quietly rejoined the American; 'and I could tell you, if you would care to hear them, the names of the detective officers—very reliable men, as I have been told—whom Miss Carew's lawyer has engaged for the commencement of the campaign.'

'Her lawyer!' growled out Chinese Jack, irritably kicking a pebble into the water that oozed past the wharf-edge. 'She has found some pettifogging land-shark, then, to do her work for her. He won't be long, however, before he throws his client over, as expenses thicken.'

'Mr Sterling is a very respectable solicitor,' was the cold reply of his former associate; 'and at the outset, he is zealous enough in her cause. That he will throw his client over, and wash his hands of the whole affair, in which he has so rashly engaged, I do not doubt; but it will be when he finds out'—

'That the money is lacking, eh?' broke in Chinese Jack, with his cynical laugh.

'Not that, Rollington,' was the reply, seriously spoken, of the American investigator of private affairs; 'though even an attorney, like ourselves, must live. Fair words, as we both know, Jack, don't spread the butter thicker on one's waffle-cakes. But Mr Sterling—I learned to know something of him once, when we were concerned in a complicated affair—is not only honest, but capable of self-sacrifice. I really do believe the man would spend and be spent, body and bones, cash and credit, in what he honestly believed to be a just cause. But, quite as certainly, he will withdraw with horror and disgust from the side he has adopted, when once he learns, as I can teach him, what a poor dupe he has been in the toils of a pair of artful Delilahs.'

'Delilah, eh?' grimly retorted Chinese Jack. 'Well, the word might apply tolerably well to one of the ladies in question. Her supple hand,' he added, in a tone which, as it fell on the fine ear of the American, was eloquent in suppressed emotion, 'was just the one to shear a Samson of his strength. The other is young, Silas, very young. The best witness one can put into a box—so I used to hear old knowing Q.C.s declare—was a child. And that girl, if ever she comes to give evidence in court, will be listened to, because she seems so innocent and so like a child.'

'Not while there is justice on this earth of ours!' angrily retorted the American. 'I came here, Jack, to-day, to set your mind at ease, old fellow, if I could. I knew you would be fretting, in your forced inaction—you who are used to bestir yourself by sea and land. It was pure kindness that brought me to Budgers's, not love of lucre, I am sure.'

'You are a good fellow, Silas—a good fellow,' said Chinese Jack dreamily, but with a cordial friendliness in his tone that was rarely heard in his voice; 'and I, I suppose, have grown to be a cantankerous animal, morbid from evil surroundings, and scarcely fit for intercourse. When I play my part,' he added, with his strange smile, 'I think I forget myself, and play it well. When I was Ali Hassan, not so long ago, and for twenty months before, not a cut-throat kidnapper of my Arab crew suspected that the turbaned

believer who led them in their slave-trading runs across Red Sea and Persian Gulf, the dhow ballasted with negroes, the steady monsoon filling our big sail till the British gunboats steamed in vain astern—that Ali Hassan, I say, so regular in kneeling, five times a day, on his prayer-carpet, with his face to the Black Stone of Mecca, their model captain and holy sheik, was, really and truly, the son of an English parson!—Do try a cigarette, Silas; it makes a man feel so selfish, smoking all alone.'

Mr Melville, with some tact, accepted the cigarette which, for the third time, Chinese Jack proffered, and lighted it; but, after three or four whiffs, he withdrew it from between his lips. 'Thank you; my constitution won't stand that. Opium, eh?' he said, tossing the tiny paper cylinder away.

'Of course it is,' answered Chinese Jack indifferently. 'Turk and Levantine are much of the same mind as the Celestials on that head. I, for one, couldn't get on without the poppy to shed its soothing influence over my tobacco.'

'You always were a wonder, physically, Rollington,' said the American, with a glance of admiration at the well-knit form of the powerful man who had done and dared so much; 'but it is ill to tamper with poisons of that sort. What I want to understand is, that I feel sure of victory. There will be a movement on the adverse side—an artful claim speciously preferred; and then, under the pressure of overwhelming proofs, such as I am sure I shall furnish, the cruel, false-faced girl, who has leagued herself with a schemer more experienced, if not wiler, than herself, will be placed for ever beyond the power of doing harm.—Now, good-bye.'

'Bravo!' were the last words of Chinese Jack; and as he spoke, he seemed to be infected by some of the American's enthusiasm in the cause. 'Well done, Silas! We shall unmask her yet!'

## FROZEN FOOD.

It is but a small consolation to the British householder to be told that good mutton may be had in some parts of Australasia at twopence-halfpenny per pound, while he is paying tenpence or a shilling for the same in the home market. In the present depressed state of our agriculture, and with limited home supplies, prices have a tendency upward rather than downward.

With a population of thirty-five millions to provide for, we would fare badly were we restricted to home supplies. Leaving cattle out of the question in the meantime, we had only twenty-four million sheep in 1882 to provide mutton for our teeming population, and this enumeration shows a decrease upon the previous ten years. In Australasia, on the other hand, with a sparse population of slightly over two and a half millions, we find Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania exactly three times as well supplied as we are with wool and mutton. New South Wales alone, with a population of about seven hundred and forty thousand, possesses about

thirty-two million sheep; the total for Australasia being about seventy-four million sheep. These figures lend an air of probability to the estimate of Sir Francis Dillon Bell, that Australia and New Zealand could export to England one thousand tons of meat daily, this being about the quantity which the London meat markets are said to get through in a single day. We have thus an indefinite supply of mutton, could it only be placed at a moderate figure in our home markets.

In America, where mutton is not looked upon as an important article of food, and sheep are bred more for the clip of wool than for mutton, beef occupies the first place. The transatlantic dead-meat trade dates from about October 1875. Mr Eastman of New York was among the first to effect consignments of fresh beef and mutton; but the trade was rapidly taken up by others, and soon all the lines sailing between England and Scotland, left the Hudson with several tons of preserved meat on board. In the year ending June 1881, the exports of fresh beef from the United States were over one hundred and six million pounds, valued at one million nine hundred and seventy-two thousand and fifty-six pounds; and of fresh mutton over three million pounds, valued at fifty-one thousand pounds. Owing to a rise in price, the exports were in a great measure stopped for four months of last year, but were resumed again in the autumn. At first, the meat was preserved during the Atlantic voyage by a draught of cold air fanned off blocks of ice. This system, which made the meat rather moist, has been superseded by the Haslam, the Bell-Coleman, and other refrigerators, in which a draught of cold but dry air keeps the meat at a temperature as little as possible below freezing-point. For Australian steamers which have to cross the line with a cargo of meat, twenty degrees Fahrenheit is thought a desirable temperature, and twenty-eight degrees for the short American voyage; but this can be easily secured by the refrigerators at present in use. A recently constructed screw-steamer, the *Loch Ard*, entirely built of steel, has been fitted up with the Bell-Coleman refrigerating apparatus, for the fresh-meat trade between Buenos Ayres and Glasgow.

For some time past, an attempt has also been made by Australian steamers to place mutton from Australia and New Zealand in the London market, and these imports are steadily increasing. We read of the arrival of passenger-steamers with several thousand carcasses of mutton; but when these shipments first began, very serious losses had to be encountered by the colonial exporters having to place so much dead-meat in the market in one day. Some of it also arrived in an imperfect condition. The problem of bringing frozen carcasses of sheep from Australia in a wholesome condition seems now to be nearer solution.

Three vessels were recently fitted up for Shaw, Savill, & Co. with the Bell-Coleman refrigerator, which are capable of bringing cargoes of nine thousand sheep each from New Zealand. The steamship *Sorrento*, which arrived in this country from New Zealand in the beginning of February last, had five thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight carcasses of sheep on board. The average

price at which this mutton was bought by the butchers was sevenpence three-farthings per pound. This mutton had been sold to the shippers at Dunedin at twopence three-farthings per pound, which ought to leave a good profit for the exporters. So excellent was their appearance and quality, that some of these carcasses, we are told, were bought by West End tradesmen who had hitherto looked upon frozen meat with contempt. The *Lady Jocelyn*, which left Wellington on February 24th, had five thousand eight hundred carcasses of sheep on board. Still further to show what can be accomplished in the frozen-meat trade, we may mention that a sister sailing-vessel, the *Dunedin*, brought one hundred and seventy-five tons of frozen mutton from New Zealand last year; and after a voyage of ninety-eight days, it was found in good condition. The cargo brought eight thousand pounds, netting threepence-farthing per lb. for the sheep. Although some of the carcasses had been frozen four months, they were said to be as bright and clean looking as newly killed mutton. The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer *Ionic*, one of the new monthly line between New Zealand and London, has refrigerating chambers capable of holding fourteen thousand sheep. Up till January of the present year, there had been four thousand tons of Australian and New Zealand frozen meat brought to this country.

The Orient Company's steamer *Garonne*, which arrived in the Royal Albert Docks, London, in January last, brought with it a freight of four thousand two hundred and fifty-seven carcasses of frozen mutton, and one hundred and thirty-six quarters of beef. This vessel had been fifty-two days on the way from Sydney, yet the meat was in excellent condition; although frozen as hard as a stone, and requiring to be thawed before using.

The Bell-Coleman refrigerator, already mentioned as in common use for this purpose, is based upon the principle of compressed air being thoroughly cooled and then allowed to expand. In the act of expansion, it becomes cold enough to freeze water. To accomplish this, the air is taken by air-pumps from the meat-chamber and then compressed; after which it is cooled by jets of water and passed through a system of tubes. After passing through the expanding apparatus, the air is discharged at the rate of forty thousand cubic feet an hour into the meat-chamber. The air is drier, and this system works better than was common in the first experiments of preserving meat during a long voyage by means of blocks of ice. By means of this refrigerator, salmon has been brought from Labrador to London, and kept frozen for six months while being sold in instalments. Tons of English fish have even been conveyed to Australia, and eagerly bought there as a luxury. It also enables vessels provided with refrigerating apparatus to carry a store of fresh fish, or other fresh meat, for use on ship-board.

The first machine constructed by the Bell-Coleman Mechanical Refrigeration Company of Glasgow, under the guidance of Mr J. J. Coleman, was built in 1877, and since that time vessels sailing to and from all parts of the world have been fitted up with it. The largest refrigerator with which they have had to do is that erected by the New South Wales government for

cooling the whole meat-supply of Sydney to forty degrees in the height of summer. This renders the inhabitants independent of the necessity of eating meat upon the day it is killed. The floor area of this abattoir is eighty feet by one hundred feet, and the cold air produced by the refrigerating machine has registered as much as one hundred and thirty-seven degrees below freezing-point.

Each carcase of mutton, of perhaps sixty pound-weight, which arrives in this way has been carefully dressed and sewn up in white calico. At wholesale price, before despatch, this mutton may have cost twopence per pound, and an additional threepence or fourpence must be added for carriage. Thus, while the mutton can be sold in the London market at a lower figure than the home product, there is still a margin of profit. In the case of the *Garonne*, which we have mentioned, its cargo of dead-meat was deposited in the docks in refrigerating chambers similar to those on board, whence the meat would be taken as required for sale. This plan may avert the loss which might take place by so much dead-meat being sent to market at once.

If we are to trust the unbiased experience of a London householder, the prejudice which exists with some regarding Australian mutton thus preserved, is groundless. Having purchased a haunch of mutton from the supply brought by the steamer *Garonne*, he placed it in a slack-oven, with the door open, until it was thoroughly thawed. After roasting the haunch for two and a half hours, it was served; and was pronounced by those who partook of it to be in every respect excellent. 'It was tender, well flavoured, especially the fat, and had rich, high-coloured gravy in plenty.' This was exactly the reverse of what he had been told concerning it.

During the Egyptian campaign, supplies of frozen meat were sent from this country for the use of the troops in Egypt. The steamship *Orient* left with seventy-five tons of frozen meat in a cool chamber. This supply was drawn upon up till the date of the ship's return from Ismailia on 6th September last. Between thirty and forty tons of unused meat were left in the cold chamber on board ship, and brought home again; but, unfortunately, on attempting to dispose of some of it in London, part of this supply was discovered to be unsound, and orders were at once given by the sanitary authorities to have it all destroyed.

Nature has done, and is doing in other parts of the world the work of the refrigerating machine. The well-preserved carcase of the Siberian mammoth, found about a century ago in a block of ice, and upon which the wolves fed greedily when it was discovered, is a case in point. It has been estimated that twelve million inhabitants of the northern hemisphere consume about a million tons of frozen food during the winter, and this exclusive of the supply we mention as being imported into England. Frozen-meat markets exist in Russia and Canada, beginning about the second week of December, and lasting until April. The roads during this period, leading to St Petersburg, are crowded with sledges laden with food, the whole frozen as hard as iron. This supply includes swans from Finland, caviare from Astrakhan, reindeer flesh from Archangel, bears' flesh from Olonetz, sheep from Orenburg, and beef

from the Ukraine. About sixty thousand oxen are sold during the season, thirty thousand tons of herring, and six hundred tons of caviare. The Canadian consumption of frozen meat and fish is about one hundred thousand tons, and fifty thousand tons of fruit, milk, &c. The wholesomeness of the supply is attested by the general good health of the populations which use this frozen food.

Leaving the American trade out of the question, should the New Zealand and Australian trade in preserved mutton be satisfactorily established, there are other countries, such as the Argentine Republic and Russia, whose supplies of meat are enormous. But if the middleman, the retailer, does not consume the profit, Australasia could well afford to supply us with cheap mutton for many a year to come. The American dead-meat trade is already well established, but it is liable to fluctuations, caused by increased demand on the other side, and a consequent rise in price. As to the success of the imports of Australian mutton, a good deal will depend upon the amount of encouragement received; and should a gap be filled in the London market by this colonial supply, it certainly ought to assist in keeping prices moderate, and lessen the drain which the metropolitan market makes upon the rest of the kingdom.

## TWICE LOST.

### A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE very announcement of Mr Clinton's visit evidently revived Eva's spirits, and served to restore her shaken nerves. Perhaps she had felt in the tone of Mrs Claverling's consoling assurances a certain impatience, a certain not unkindly contempt for the childish helplessness and simplicity of the girl of seventeen. Mrs Claverling was confident; but her confidence did not satisfy Eva, when her questions, 'How do you know?' 'What is the law?' met with no clear, satisfactory answer. The girl's alarms were at once vague, indefinite, and unlimited. She could not accept comforting promises that were evidently founded only on the general convictions of practical experience, not on any real knowledge. She dreaded her enemy, less because he might take her fortune, and consign her to absolute poverty, than from the fancy that his power might extend to her person, and she dreaded his possible guardianship. Mrs Claverling endeavoured to reassure her upon this last point; but could not quite convince her that the very assertion on which Mr Warren founded a claim to her inheritance was incompatible with any possible pretension to control her person.

In Mr Clinton, however, not more perhaps from his legal knowledge than from his personal character, she had implicit confidence. His promised presence almost dispelled the terror which the necessity of a second interview with Warren inspired; and his cordial, almost affectionate greeting, his straightforward statements,

answering every question suggested by her alarms—making clear to her the exact nature of the issue and its precise consequences—even his pointed inquiries, his searching but very gentle cross-examination of her own vague recollections, helped to assure and comfort her.

'Don't be frightened, Miss Linwood,' he said at last, having collected and arranged every paper he could find that might bear upon the case, as the hour approached, and he saw in her wandering eyes and trembling hands the return of her fears. 'Mr Warren shall tell us just the thing we don't know; and at worst, you have nothing to fear.'

'How can that be, Mr Clinton?'

'I have not time to explain. But will you not take my word? I am not sure, till I hear Mr Warren's case, that we can save your fortune; but that shall make no other, no further difference. You shall have a home as safe, as pleasant, if not as luxurious as if you were—what I firmly believe we shall prove you—your father's heiress.'

She drew close to him, as a loud knock at the door announced Mr Warren's arrival; and drawing her hand within his own, Clinton led her to her seat at the further end of the table, and stood beside her as he indicated to the intruder a seat exactly opposite. Mr Warren instantly recognised his opponent, and his countenance slightly fell. It was one thing to deal with a mere man of business like Mr Clavering, another to encounter a barrister already known to solicitors—of whom he was one—as a most careful and accurate draftsman, a shrewd, keen, clear-sighted junior, and thoroughly well-informed jurist. Clinton was not one of whom he could hope to take either legal or commercial advantage. He had now to deal with an antagonist who could neither be tricked nor bullied, against whom he must rely wholly on the strength of his case—a case which, in dealing with a layman, he would unhesitatingly have affirmed to be conclusive, but whose weak points a lawyer of Clinton's knowledge, even without the advantage of long experience at the bar, would instantly detect and turn to account. The strategy that might have served him with an ordinary man of business, or even with an attorney of his own stamp, would be out of place here. Perfect straightforwardness was his only chance. Opposed to such an antagonist, with such a client, with all natural human sympathies against him, his only chance was to enter court with clean hands, to rely upon his strict right, but to maintain that right fairly, openly, and with no unnecessary discourtesy.

'Mr Warren,' said Clinton, assuming at once the tone of superior rank to which their respective professional positions entitled him, 'you asserted, in presence of Miss Linwood and her friends here, that you were Mr Linwood's heir-at-law. Now, I hold the certificate of Miss Linwood's birth and of her mother's marriage, and I need not tell you that these establish beyond question her right as her father's heiress, unless you can show a flaw in either.'

'I said, Mr Clinton, that I am the late Mr Linwood's heir-at-law. Mr Clavering may have forgotten to tell you what I further told him—that the lady of whom you speak was not Mr Linwood's wife.'

'I hold the certificate of her marriage.'

'No doubt. You are aware, however, that Mr Linwood was married before. Do you know to whom?'

'Yes; and that the first wife died two years before the second marriage.'

'Granted. Nevertheless, the first marriage invalidates the second. Eleanor Linwood as you would call her, Eleanor Milner, was the sister of Alice Hutton, Linwood's first wife. Their father changed his name shortly after the first marriage; and the younger daughter, then a child, of course took his later name.'

Considering that Clinton was utterly unprepared for such an attack, the perfect coolness with which he met it, the steady countenance, in which his antagonist could not discern even a sign of surprise, did no little credit to his self-command. Eva, looking up to him in utter bewilderment, was completely reassured. She could not understand the point; but she saw, or thought she saw, that he understood and cared nothing for it.

'You knew it, perhaps?' Warren said, half-doubtful, half-defiantly.

'I did not know it; but now that I know it, I understand, what puzzled me at first, why the second marriage took place in Denmark. Mr Linwood was thoroughly up in all legal technicalities which he found necessary in business, and doubtless had made himself quite as familiar with the law of marriage. In Denmark the marriage was valid. Valid where it was contracted, it is valid everywhere; and Eva Linwood is in law, as in equity, her father's heiress. Your claim, Mr Warren, is worth as much—as it deserved to be; and you will doubtless be thankful that you are spared the temptation to deprive an orphan of her father's inheritance.'

'That is your view of the law?'

'Mine, and the almost universal view.'

'In that case, Mr Clinton, Warren *versus* Linwood will be a *cause célèbre*. If it cost your client's fortune, it may make yours. I did not know that the marriage had taken place abroad, though I suspected it, and— But of course I can't expect now a peaceable admission of my right, though I warn you I have no doubt of making it good.—Good-evening, Mr Clinton.—Good-evening, Miss—Linwood,' with a slight emphasis on the name.

These things occurred, as a reader familiar with recent legal changes will have already perceived, more than thirty years ago. Save the young heiress, now a grandmother, and her legal champion, now a well-esteemed judge, every one of the actors in our story has long since been at rest; as is the question on which, in the absence of the missing will, the right to Mr Linwood's fortune turned: the effect of local law on the validity of a forbidden marriage.

The eve of the trial had arrived, and Clinton sat with Eva Linwood and Mrs Clavering in the same library where the trio first met. Clinton was pale, anxious, and silent; but conscious that he had done his utmost for the case, that he had on his notes every precedent and principle that could be brought, however remotely, to bear upon it, and that no more could be done, he had determined to quit his chambers, think no more of his books and his brief, and quicken his zeal



and strengthen himself for the morrow's work by spending the evening in the society of his fair client. He sat and watched her cheerful face and light fairy form as she moved about the room; for Eva had during the last three months recovered in great measure from her heavy loss, and the dread of losing wealth hardly affected her. She had strong confidence in her cause, and still stronger in her advocate. She was certain that her mother was her father's wife, and certain that Mr Clinton would not fail. She spoke to him now and then, affectionately though shyly; and he answered her with his usual grave courtesy, softened into something that was almost tenderness. But except in answering her, he spoke little. His mind was evidently pre-occupied.

'Eva,' he said at last, then stammered—'Miss Linwood, I beg pardon—did Mr Linwood say nothing to you about the place where he had left his will?'

'He tried to do so, I think, at the last moment,' answered Eva, as the tears came into her eyes. 'But don't call me Miss Linwood; you always called me Eva while he was with us.'

'What did Mr Linwood say?' asked Clinton eagerly, not noticing the last appeal. 'Try and recollect it exactly; it may give us a clue.'

'He said: "Look: you will find my will;" and then something about a secret. So I know there is a will; but where, he never said.'

Clinton pondered. 'It must be in some obvious place, or he would have taken care to leave an account of it. No lawyer has it; for I have advertised in vain—unless, indeed, it be Warren.'

'No; papa never would speak to him,' replied Eva decidedly.

But at this moment a note was brought to Clinton, bearing the seal of Miss Linwood's solicitors. He opened it, and remained for some minutes deep in thought; then, turning to Eva, he said: 'Miss Linwood, I am sorry to say that your leading counsel has died suddenly. I reproach myself that I did not insist on having another senior. We cannot repair the loss now; and your cause will have to rest entirely on me.'

'I am very glad indeed to hear it,' said Eva decidedly. 'I heard you say one day you wished to lead in a difficult case, and here you have an opportunity. And I am sure no one could or would do more for me than you will.—But, Mr Clinton,' she said, with a graceful effort to turn from an awkward and personal topic, 'I have been thinking whether my father's will might not be in some secret drawer. We have found no money anywhere, and yet I know he had some in the house, almost always, when I have asked him for it. Do you not think it is possible?'

'Quite possible,' said Clinton, springing up eagerly. 'But do you know of any secret drawers?'

'No; but my father would not be likely to tell me about them. He was always busy here, and I never used to come into this room.'

'Let us search, then,' said Clinton. And once again every piece of furniture in that room was thoroughly emptied and scrutinised. One secret drawer was discovered in the writing-table, con-

cealed with great art, and only discernible by comparing the external and internal measurements. But it contained only a memorandum book of a business character, and some notes and gold—about four hundred pounds.

Eva was disappointed; but Clinton's spirits rose. 'This proves that your father trusted his money to a contrivance of this kind; it is highly probable that he protected his will in the same manner.' And they proceeded to search the standing desk at which Mr Linwood habitually wrote. At first, no trace whatever of any secret compartment could be found. But Clinton, by careful observation, ascertained that whereas, on two sides, the inner measurement was less than the outer by three-quarters of an inch, on the other pair the difference was an inch and a half; thus making room at the deep end of the desk for a drawer of nearly an inch deep and ten inches high. That such a compartment existed, he had strong suspicions. But neither within nor without could he perceive any trace of a spring. At last, looking carefully underneath, he discerned what seemed to be a splinter, which on touch proved to be iron. This being pressed, the seeming end of the desk fell inwards, revealing a sort of slit fully occupied by a bundle of papers. This being quickly dragged to light, was found to consist of a will, and a little packet addressed to Eva, containing her mother's miniature. The will was in a sealed envelope; and Clinton declined to open it.

'I will send it to your solicitors, with a written account of its discovery, which we will all sign.'

When Clinton had written his account of the manner in which the will had been discovered, he requested Eva and Mrs Clavering to append their signatures. Then inclosing both documents in an envelope, he directed it to Messrs Wylie and Keane, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn. He rang the bell, and gave the precious packet in charge to Andrew.

'You will take this to Lincoln's Inn,' he said. 'Mr Keane lives on the premises, so he is almost certain to be in; deliver it to him only. If Mr Keane be absent, bring it back. I need not tell you to be careful, for this packet contains what we have sought so long—your late master's will.'

In a state of extreme exaltation, evinced by his sparkling eyes and excited manner, old Andrew took the packet and disappeared. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, he was heard to close the house-door after him as he departed on his errand. Clinton remained for an hour or two longer, explaining to Eva that the discovery of the will would put an end to all her difficulties, and insure the immediate withdrawal of Mr Warren's claims. It was midnight before he retired to rest, having put in order the notes of his speech for to-morrow, but feeling sure that the will would supersede all occasion for a discussion of Eva's legitimacy. It is only just to say that this new turn of affairs, though it deprived him of a possible opportunity for making a first-rate professional reputation, was a source of unmixed satisfaction to the young lawyer. He thought much more of Eva's interests than of his own; and he had by no means sufficient confidence in his cause to feel sure that, without the will, her title to her inheritance could be sustained.

Clinton rose early the next morning, and repaired to the office of Messrs Wylie and Keane for a final consultation, wishing particularly to arrange with them the manner in which the will should be produced. He was courteously received by the junior partner, who, being a well-read lawyer, was deeply interested in the professional aspect of the case.

'By the way, Mr Clinton,' he said, 'I do not know whether you have noticed this argument in a somewhat similar matter;' and he produced from an old volume of Law Reports a judgment which seemed to him to bear upon the question.

'Yes, I have seen it,' said Clinton. 'But the will, you know, will avoid all necessity for raising that question at all.'

'What! Do you mean to say you have found Linwood's will? I had begun to doubt whether he ever made one.'

'Yes; we found it last night, and I sent it off to you at once, unopened. You don't mean to say you have not received it?' And Clinton's voice betrayed the consternation which he felt. If the will had not been left with the lawyers, how came it that Andrew had not informed him?

'I was not at home last night till very late. No one was here but my office-boy.—John! Did any one bring a packet for me last night?'

'A servant came with one, sir; but when he found you were out, he would not leave it. He said it was his master's will, and would give his young mistress her rights. He seemed a good deal excited.'

'Drunk?'

'No, sir; not drunk, but he had been drinking.'

'There is no time to be lost,' exclaimed Clinton. 'Send a cab at once to Miss Linwood's, and bring down the man-servant, and the will, if he has it; and ask Miss Linwood to come here as quickly as she can.'

During the messenger's absence, Clinton paced the office in a state of indescribable agitation, anathematising Andrew's love of drink, and the lenity with which Mr Linwood had regarded the man's one fault; and bitterly reproaching himself for the carelessness which had permitted him to intrust the precious document to a servant's hands. Keane, who thought only of the credit of his firm and the professional aspect of the case, was also vexed at so untoward an accident, and scarcely consoled by the idea that the want of a will would make the cause one of the most important of the year. The reader will easily understand that if the will were forthcoming, the trial would be a simple matter, over in a few minutes; whereas, if there were no will, the property would go to the next of kin or heir-at-law. Now, if Eva were a legitimate child, she would be both next of kin and heir to her father; if she were not, then Warren would fill that position. Thus, in the absence of a will, the case would turn on the validity of Mr Linwood's Danish marriage; and the judgment would determine for all future time whether a marriage with a wife's sister legally contracted abroad, were or were not legal in England.

After an incredibly brief absence, which seemed to Clinton interminable, the messenger returned

with Andrew, and a brief note from Miss Linwood:

DEAR MR CLINTON—Andrew returned last night after we were gone to bed. This morning, he came to me greatly agitated, and confessed that he had been quite stupefied when he came home last night; but had a vague notion that he had not given the will to Mr Keane. He seems to have lost it. What is to be done? Yours faithfully, EVA LINWOOD.

Clinton could hardly control himself sufficiently to address a single question to Andrew, who stood before him in a state of abject stupefaction, and with a face in which shame and bitter remorse were legibly written. When Clinton addressed him, it was with no little difficulty that the poor wretch collected his mind sufficiently to reply; and when he had told the little that he knew—which was no more than Eva had communicated—he broke into a fit of sobbing that seemed to shake his whole frame. The man was so evidently heart-broken by the thought of the mischief he had done, that Clinton could not but be softened. Still, it was in a tone of considerable bitterness that he cross-examined the offender, with a view to extract some sort of clue to his proceedings since the will was intrusted to him. But it was utterly in vain. Down to the time that he reached the office, everything that had passed was fresh in Andrew's recollection; afterwards, he had a hazy recollection of going to a public-house in the neighbourhood; and beyond that, his memory, until his waking next morning, was an absolute blank. A message was sent to the public-house, and the barman appeared; but all he could say was, that Andrew had come to the bar the night before, had taken a quart of ale, and gone away without showing any special excitement. 'Indeed,' said the man, 'he seemed more sober when he went than when he came in.'

By this time, Eva Linwood arrived, and was shown into Mr Keane's private room, where Clinton found her.

'Miss Linwood,' he said, 'I am afraid this man's infamous conduct has done you irreparable injury. We can hear nothing of the will. But it is incomprehensible that he should, as he says, remember nothing of what happened last night; for, by the account of those who saw him, he was by no means intoxicated to unconsciousness.'

After a little hesitation, Eva answered: 'I remember once to have heard my father say to a friend—a doctor, I think—that Andrew never seemed absolutely to lose his senses when drunk, but that he always lost his memory. I did not well understand what was meant; but perhaps it was the same thing last night.'

'Possibly,' said Clinton. 'The only alternative is to suppose that he has betrayed you; and I cannot believe him guilty of that.'

'O no, Mr Clinton! I could almost as soon suspect you.' Eva stopped, coloured, and stammered, afraid of having offended.

But her friend went on: 'We must keep him in safe custody for the present, at all events. I shall detain him here to-day; and

when he returns home, he must be forbidden to leave the house. And now, I must settle with Mr Keane what is to be done; for this loss has once more overturned all our plans.'

### A BRIGHT SORROW.

ARTISTS and poets, with their clearer insight and sympathetic hand, have touched myriad hearts by leaving in marble and colour and song the true view of a great human sorrow. The vision is so heavenly, that tearful eyes begin to weep afresh under its excess of light; yet it is so human, that the poorest of the world's toilers and spinners can understand it, and feel that it is meant for them. In its countless forms, it is always the same; however poetical, it belongs to the wear and tear of our common life; however starry, it is a home-thought still. It is an Angel carrying upward a little Child.

From all over the world come the voices of poets telling of this bright side of the universal sorrow. It has been said that verses written in grief are unreal—that for the most part mourners hide their faces. But when we hear those voices of many nations and of many tongues, making not only harmony, but at times a marked and perfect unison, then surely we recognise something better than rhyme and rhythm—the clear cry of the human heart.

One of these notes of unison is the thought that the little one, though grieved for, is yet near with the wonted looks. When a soldier finds himself after the campaign with hand or arm gone, it is well known that for a time he feels the momentary delusion that he could stir the lost hand if he would. It is perhaps due in a similar way to some lingering remnant of severed habits and associations, that the presence of the missing child is felt by those of whose life its life was an actual part. So, David Macbeth Moir calls his 'Casa Wappy,' 'less thine own self than a part of mine and of thy mother's heart.' Let us mark the frequency of this thought, beginning with Moir or 'Delta,' whose little son's self-conferred pet name, 'Casa Wappy,' is the refrain of his yearning for the child:

Do what I may, go where I will,  
Thou meet'st my sight;  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light!  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,  
Till, oh, my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy!

From the realism of the nursery, with the scattered playthings and the empty chair in a corner, to the highest idea of the bright brief day that was but sunrise and night, or of the little feet treading the seraph path—one feels throughout the whole of these lines the hot pulse of the writer's heart. They are a standing contradiction to the theory that the poetry of

sorrow is unreal. Verses may tell but little, yet the little can be true:

Words may not paint our grief for thee;  
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
Of our unfathomed agony,  
Casa Wappy!

From the other side of the world, across the broad Atlantic, is sent to us this same thought of the lost child's presence. There are poems by Pierpont and Stoddard telling of the boy who still bounded round the study-chair or ran satchelled through the street, and of the girl who was laid under marble and violets, but still was amongst the window-flowers or at the writer's side:

She'll come and climb my chair again,  
And peep my shoulders o'er;  
I hear a stifled laugh—but no;  
She cometh nevermore.

And again, there is *The Changeling*, by Mr Russell Lowell, with a new and higher light upon the same idea. It tells of a baby daughter with the lingering brightness of heaven gleaming in her hair:

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away. . . .  
But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled. . . .  
It lies in my little one's cradle,  
And sits in my little one's chair;  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair.

The 'bud in full blossom' is another of the notes of unison, part of the natural poetry of sorrow. Burns had given perfect expression to it long before, in the well-known lines beginning, 'Here lies a rose, a budding rose,' the last idea of which, through force of simplicity and truth, has become common property to human nature—that of the bud that 'blossoms a rose in heaven.' Another lament of the Scottish poet for his child will be remembered, and will strike home with the same simple truth of human feeling—the verses where he speaks of the dead child in the mother's lap,

When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled  
breath  
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

But the melancholy of his shattered career throws a shade over the poem; he sees the young life gone to the home of rest, while he is left to mourn over 'the hope and misfortune of being,' and sigh for 'this life's latest morrow.'

To return to the touching delusion of the lost child's lingering presence; we find it again in another tongue. Our German neighbours with their marvellous word-building can express all at once what it takes us six words to say; so, where we say, *Poems on the Death of Children*, they write on the volume *Kindertodtenlieder*. Such is the title of a posthumous collection of poems gathered from the portfolios of Rückert by his son, and bound under the tell-tale emblem of a golden figure carrying an inverted torch, and with face more peaceful than sad. The

German poet, grieving for his own two children, makes a human harmony with the thought of England and of the New World. Here again is the inseparable presence :

Where the evening winds are bending the flowering  
meadow-grass,  
I see thy hair free-floating, waving and dancing, pass ;  
And where to the babbling waves the sedgy shore-line  
dips,  
I hear the gentle lisping of thy sweet and loving lips.

And again, where he rings changes upon the same words :

By day thou art a shadow,  
A light in the night thou art ;  
Thou livest still in my sorrow,  
Thou diest not in my heart.

Where my tent is, thou dost follow,  
Sent ever before my sight ;  
All day thou art my shadow,  
And in the night my light.

Where I seek thee, all things borrow  
Of thyself some trace or part ;  
Thou livest still in my sorrow,  
Thou diest not in my heart.

These lines remind us of another of the beautiful thoughts that, by occurring to many poets, prove an origin very deep in our nature. It is the thought of the lost child as of a light. Thus, a voice from the New World exclaims : 'Thou bright and star-like spirit !' In England, 'Casa Wappy' is called upon to be a star smiling above death. And in France, still more beautifully, the little one that is gone becomes the star of life. 'The child shines always, whether living or whether fallen asleep,' says Victor Hugo. And he goes on to explain that in this world, where we all need help so much, the living child illumines duty for the mother's heart, but the dead child unveils truth as she looks upward : 'here, it is but a torch ; above, it is a star.'

We may note an original thought of the same poet in lines written upon the slab of a little grave beside the sea. After marking the distinctive features of the scene—the old church, the mossy stones, the lizard on the wall, the dark woods, the cry of birds, the insects 'murmuring unspeakable things,' the noise of winds and waves in 'the stormy hymn, the endless chorus,' he tells the meaning of his poem in its last lines :

Nature, where all returns that Nature gave,  
Leaves, nests, and branches where the hushed winds  
sleep,  
Breathe not a sound ; keep stillness round this grave ;  
Let the child slumber, and the mother weep.

Now, let us turn to another of the leading thoughts uttered in unison from many nations. It is the coming of the angels. A Dutch writer, Dirk Smits, joins with the melancholy which pervades most of his country's best poetry, a new and bright idea—that of the pearl and the shell. Longfellow has translated the Dutch verses :

A host of angels flying,  
Through cloudless skies impelled,  
Upon the earth beheld  
A pearl of beauty lying,  
Worthy to glitter bright  
In heaven's vast halls of light.

They spread their pinions o'er it . . .  
And then on high they bore it,  
Where glory has its birth ;  
But left the shell on earth.

Longfellow himself shows the flight of angels in his *Golden Legend*, when Elsie describes how little Gertrude ceased breathing and no more, how her eyes were like faded violets, how the skies looked in through the window,

And the wind was like the sound of wings,  
As if angels came to bear her away.

In his translation from the French of Jean Reboul is the same familiar idea. The radiant angel bends over the cradle and sees himself reflected there ; and no shadow is to be cast upon the house, where for this pure life the fairest day was the last.

We turn to Germany, and find the angels there again coming for the child. This time it is Uhland that speaks, with clear voice full of home-tones and of sympathy. Uhland's *Serenade* has a title that contains a sad and sweet surprise. The sick child asks the mother what is the music in the night. The mother cannot hear anything ; but while she listens in vain, the child whispers : 'It is a choir of angels ! Mother, good-night !' and is gone with the heavenly serenaders.

Another beautiful thought that has sprung up in many places is that of the changed relations of the parent and the child. Especially in the poetry of America there are various examples of the thought, which Lowell best expresses :

How changed, dear friend, are thy part and thy child's !  
Thou art the nursing now ; he watches thee  
Slow learning one by one the secret things  
Which are to him used sights of every day ;  
He smiles to see thy wondering glances con  
The grass and pebbles of the spirit world.

It is true that there is a first season of sorrow, when it is hard to see and realise this many-sided vision, to which all hearts respond, and which we have called the Angel and the Child. Fresh tears blind the eyes ; visible and palpable things, the small details of the great grief, hurt like commonplace thorns, through the golden tissue of brightness that ought to veil this sorrow. The mother sees again the strange whiteness of the face she loved ; her arms are round the child in death as they were in the first bliss of maternity—a type of her immutable love. There is no comforting her with human comforts, and human language is folly. She is out alone with her child in an untrodden region : to speak to her is to shout to the stars, or to dip a hand towards the depth of the sea. Leave her to the great mystery of a sorrow that none beside can comprehend ; a light not of earth will show her path in the unknown land ; and a Voice, better than the murmuring of poets, will not fail her in her need. But there will come a time of peace, when all beautiful thoughts and all tender sympathies of human hearts will gather without haste or intrusion like a kindly halo about the bright sorrow, that lies farther and farther back in memory. And of all these gentle words that have drifted to us from the wide world of poetry, perhaps the German poet Uhland has said the one that may come earliest to a sad heart, and that, if the briefest, is the wisest. Only four lines he wrote of a child that an angel



came for, but one of the four says all the heart can say :

With gentle tread thou didst come and go,  
A fleeting guest in our earthly land.  
Ah ! whence and whither ? We only know—  
Out of God's Hand, into God's Hand.

### WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE.

DURING the earlier years of my medico-military career, I was selected as the assistant-surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment, I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done ; but as I did not see it quite in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of myself.

'Sir,' said I, 'some men are born to honours, others have honours thrust upon them ; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment moral or medical of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool ; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the Asylum, you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole.'

'That is not of the slightest consequence,' answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues ; 'not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will suit ye to a t ; and if so be that ye don't know anything concerning lunatics, whoy, the sooner ye larn the bether. Ye'll be plazed to jine widout delay. Good-morning.' So he bowed me out ; and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, 'jined' forthwith.

It is one of Shakspeare's wise sayings, that 'Use doth breed a habit in a man.' Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces, I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well-cared-for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid for ever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a madhouse. With a passkey which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the 'keeper' or the orderlies ; and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name 'Within an Inch of my Life.'

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarily. I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the 45th or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat

puzzling the head-surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the Asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden-tools or other implements put into his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me, his melancholic demeanour ceased ; he advanced with rapid strides towards me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other ; for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess that fear came over me. What was this maniac going to do ? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly, and exclaimed : 'Hollo, Mathews ! what are you doing here ? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others ?'

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out, rather than said : 'Let me out of this !'

'What do you mean ?' I replied, resolving if possible to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass, and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

'Let me out !' he repeated. 'I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment ; to see my poor old mother, and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here ? I am not mad like the others. God knows that ; so do you. But if I am kept much longer, I shall be stark-staring mad. Let me out, I say !'

He was now boiling over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground. 'Mathews,' I said, 'I know that you are not mad ; so listen a moment. How can I let you out ? I am not the head-doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now.'

'No ; you won't, indeed.'

'Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial, and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of.'

'That's no matter to me. I'll make you ! See this !' He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving-stone of some pounds in weight, such as the courtyard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to secrete it, was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defence ; the rules prevented my taking into the interior of the Asylum even a walking-stick ; and man to man, the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands, and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage-cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it ; but still the man seemed irresolute to strike. Then, while, Damocles-like, the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind : 'What if I try to dodge him ?'

'Put down that stone!' I cried out.  
'Let me out, then!' he answered.  
'Put down that stone, and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done.'

'Doctor, I swear!' And then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hands.

I looked round once again, really to spy if any official was in sight; but in such a sly, covert way as to make Mathews believe that I feared an eavesdropper.

'You know the locality outside the barracks?'

'Yes. I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment.'

'Well, this door' (pointing to one which was close to us) 'leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Denes.'

He was now all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him.

'Here, take this key.' I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket; I forget to what it belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the Asylum. He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving-stone on the floor.

'What then, sir?' he asked in less excited tones.

'This. With my passkey I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down; feel for the lock of the outer door; open it with this key, and—escape.'

'You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this: if I am brought back, I'll murder you!'

'Mathews! if you escape by the method I have pointed out, no one shall know it.'

'You are the soldier's friend!' he replied. 'Let me shake hands with you, sir.'

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his; but I quickly opened the door alluded to; and without the least shadow of suspicion, he entered immediately. Once he was fairly in, I pulled it to with a bang which shook the very walls. He was inclosed in a bathroom.

The strain of excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me. The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor; and as soon as I came to my senses, I told them what had happened; and steps were taken to have Mathews so watched that in future paving-stones would never again be in his possession. I took care also never again to perambulate the Asylum without my orderly escort.

#### TO YOUNG MISTRESSES.

In an article on the Domestic-servant Difficulty (No. 961), it was advocated that we should endeavour to establish training-schools for domestic servants, as a remedy to meet the difficulty; and a very good recommendation it was, but one, unfortunately, not likely to meet present needs, as between the sowing and the reaping there must of necessity be a certain length of time spent in weary watching and hoping for the fruits to come. We propose, therefore, to offer a few suggestions that may be of use to

those who are in the meantime struggling in the domestic slough of despond. What we have to say will have at least this merit—it will not be theoretical, but the result of practical experience.

The first thing to do, then, is to organise a system of work and division of labour for your own particular needs that shall in itself be an education, and make your home a good training-school for your servants.

'That does not sound encouraging,' some will say. 'That is just what we want to avoid. We know little or nothing of housekeeping. What we want, and are willing to pay for, are servants who understand their work, and will spare us the trouble of supervision.'

In that answer, lies the root of most of the mischief. Improvement must begin at the head. If we are to have training-schools for domestic servants, the servants may very well say there ought to be a training-school for mistresses. To rule well is even more difficult than to serve well; and yet how few give the subject a moment's thought! We lay it down, therefore, as a law, that every woman who has a house to govern should know what the duties are of every one she employs, how to do them, and when to do them. Unless she does, she will never be really mistress in her own house. 'Knowledge is power' in this case, as in every other; and the servant who really does know her work, very soon detects whether her mistress has any knowledge of the same or not, and becomes master of the situation in a very literal manner, where she finds her mistress is ignorant.

The first thing, therefore, that we recommend to those who are anxious and troubled on the subject is: Make yourself acquainted thoroughly with the requirements of your particular household; review your forces; see exactly what you can afford to spend on the employment of labour. Having ascertained how many—or rather how few—servants you can keep, study the duties of each servant so far that they will not be able to detect any ignorance in you of their duties, and then you are in a position to command. 'Ah, but what trouble!' some will exclaim. It may be a little trouble at first; but it will well repay you in the end. Never accept a position of moral inferiority in your own house, which the indolent woman must always hold. Emerson says very truly, 'Character cannot be hid;' and servants are not slow to recognise the mistress who knows, from the one who does not.

But having conquered this preliminary difficulty, it remains to reduce it to practice. We are not advocating that mistresses should turn servants, and do the work, as so many do, to their cost; for the more 'missus does,' the more very often will the servant leave undone. What we urge is, that the mistress shall know how and when everything should be done, so that in the first

place she can instruct, and, in the second, correct, if her orders be not carried out. To assist in this, and lessen labour to herself, she should write out each servant's duties into a small book kept for the purpose, together with the rules she wishes observed in her household. From this she can draw up each particular servant's work for every hour, which should be clearly written out on a large card. On this card should be written also the rules of the house which a servant is expected to observe. This should be given to the servant on entering her situation; and when engaging a servant, read over these duties to her, and ask her if she be ready to undertake them. Thus will be saved one fruitful source of altercation in the future between mistress and maid, when the latter turns round and declines to do what is asked of her on the grounds that she did not 'engage to do it.'

The saving of time and temper to both mistress and servant in such a system is obvious. We have known new servants settle down to work noiselessly and comfortably under this method; and in a few days the work of the house has gone on as regularly as if they had been years in the situation. This is always supposing they know something of their work, to begin with.

To help those who have never tried this plan with some idea how to start it, we must, for example's sake, particularise the household of a professional or business man who has a limited income. It is on such families that the pressure of irregularity and incompetence in their servants falls most heavily. The rich make many friends, and among them servants are found faithful, because servants have their ambition to rise in life like the rest of the world. This, with the hope of getting some time into a high family, makes them think it a condescension to work for those who are not rich. We remember one little parlour-maid who boasted that she had waited table on Mr Gladstone, and thought it a certificate of competence, which unfortunately it did not prove. This is merely to hint at one reason underlying the difficulty middle-class ladies find in getting good servants, and one they must bear in mind.

We will suppose, then, that the lady we address keeps from two to four servants, according to the size of her house and the requirements of her family. The mainstay of the house is the cook. Let us instance her duties. It is essential she should be an early riser. Remember, we are dealing with her as the mainspring of family comfort. In the cook's book, therefore, against the time half-past six should be written that she is expected to be out of her bedroom by that hour. The kitchen fire alight shortly after, insures hot water, cleaned steps, and an early breakfast to the master, who, being a professional or business man, may require to be at work by nine o'clock. What is required of the cook is equally required of all servants in the matter of early rising; for this reason—servants look upon situations but as stepping-stones to marriage. It is the truest kindness, therefore, in a mistress so to train her servants that they may not be spoiled by an 'easy place'—the advertised sop to so many—for the very hard one of matrimony in their sphere.

To return, however, to the cook's duties. Where she and the housemaid divide the work of the house between them, it should be required of cook to attend to the hall and dining-room before breakfast. While she is doing the latter, the housemaid is sweeping the stairs, which should be finished by the time the cook is ready to do the hall. Then the housemaid should go into the dining-room—which the cook was sweeping while the housemaid was doing the stairs—and dust it; after which she lays the breakfast-table, while the cook goes down and prepares breakfast. Thus the morning's work is done without waste of time or clashing of duties; and as a specified time is named for breakfast—eight or half-past eight o'clock—it is very certain the servants can have no time to yawn or gossip. When the family are breakfasting, the servants can do the same. Half an hour is ample for this and every meal. Much time is wasted by servants gossiping over their meals. The kitchen should be clear for the cook to tidy up her hearth at nine o'clock. The housemaid should take the drawing-room on her way up-stairs to the bedrooms, devoting a certain time to dusting, &c., while the cook clears away breakfast. By ten o'clock the kitchen should be ready for the mistress to go down and give the orders for the day and inspect the larder. A mistress should never allow a servant to come into her presence in a dirty condition; it is the first step towards that familiarity which breeds contempt. Never let a mistress be afraid of insisting upon that respect which her position demands. In turn, she can point out that every rank in life has its own peculiar dignity, and that no one is more worthy of respect than a good servant, one who really knows her place.

Having given her orders for the day, the mistress leaves the cook to carry on the morning's work, which should be over by twelve o'clock, to allow of her beginning to prepare for the early dinner. We are supposing the family to be one where two servants divide the labour between them. In addition, then, to the ordinary duties, every day in the week should have some particular duty—certain rooms or certain articles that require special cleaning. It is the cook's duty in a small family to keep the servants' bedroom sweet and clean. This may be done by having it scrubbed weekly with carbolic soap. A bath should be in every servants' bedroom, and every mistress should require it as one of the duties and rules of her house that her servants periodically avail themselves of it, which can always be done by their retiring to their bedrooms in turn half an hour earlier than the hour named for their going to bed. A mistress should avoid as much as possible disturbing the routine of the cook's day by sending her out, unless it may be on such a morning when there may be no very great press of work. The cook should wash all the kitchen cloths and dusters, and for this a morning should be reserved. Her kitchen should be cleaned out say upon every Wednesday and Saturday, also the larder; although we have known of some cooks so naturally clean and methodical that their kitchen never looked untidy, nor their boards dirty with only one scrubbing a week; but then they were of the class of 'invaluables,' that marry from your house, and are the comfort of some poor man's heart and

home. We have felt for such women that they were sisters and friends.

It is the cook's place to clean the dining-room; and as, where the breakfast is very early, this cannot always be fully done before breakfast, it is always well, for cleanliness' sake, to give it up for an hour or so one morning in every week.

At half-past one there is the early dinner. Every housemaid who waits at table should be dressed by one o'clock, to come and lay the cloth for luncheon or early dinner, as the case may be. A good housemaid can always get her rooms done—three bedrooms, say—and clean one other room thoroughly, by a quarter to one. But to do this she must work heartily; there must be no gaping out of the window and crawling through her sweeping. The thing is to time her. Say what you expect done, and don't be afraid of exacting the above amount from a strong healthy girl. Always bear in mind that if they have to work hard in service, they would have to work harder at home, for then they would have to cook and clean, mend and make, nurse, sweep; do everything, in fact, unless they would live in squalor and rags. The husband of the pampered domestic is the man who is oftenest found at the public-house.

After the early dinner, there is no need to be particular in marking out the hours as in the morning. Leave the servants a certain amount of leisure in the afternoon, which they will have earned if they have worked well during the morning. There will be bells to answer for the parlour-maid. While on the subject of bells, make it a rule that the cook answers all morning door-bells while the housemaid is at work upstairs. Exact punctuality in the serving of late dinner, if you can get it, and insist on things being nicely served. Servants as a rule give what mistresses accept. It is no more trouble to serve a dish elegantly than to send it up untidily. This every mistress must teach her cook—'the missus's ways,' as they are called; and the nicer your 'ways' are, the better they will think of you.

Mistresses who require their servants to rise early and work well should allow them to go to bed early. They should be in their rooms by ten or, at latest, half-past ten. Never refuse a reasonable request for leisure or an outing. Above all, lighten labour on Sundays, by having an early dinner, and do not exact 'washing-up' of plates and dishes until Monday morning. Instruct them to pack the articles away neatly until the next day.

Endeavour as much as possible to concentrate the labour among a few servants as you can do with. If the mistress does any part of the housework herself, let it be to save keeping a servant, not to help those she has. The more you do in the way of help, the worse very often you are served. Let your servants understand that you also have your duties, and that your object in employing them is to enable you to carry on your work in comfort. So much have young women been spoiled by this system of auxiliary labour, that one cook who came to be engaged asked who was to fill her kitchen scuttle, as she would not do it for herself. Mistresses must unite in the interest of the servants themselves, as much as their own, to put down this sort of thing, for at last the demands have become so

insolent, that, as a bright little maid of ours once expressed it, 'They're all wanting places where the work is put out.'

And if, when you have done all that justice and kindness dictate, they requite you with ingratitude, and make capital out of your instruction to go elsewhere and get higher wages—as the majority of them will most surely do—don't be discouraged. Look upon your labour as a sort of 'home mission,' and 'do good, hoping for nothing again.' You will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have sent a fellow-creature on her way all the better for having known you.

On the vexed question of 'visitors,' we tell them, 'that when we stay in a lady's house, we cannot ask visitors without an invitation from our hostess, and we say: We wish you to observe the same courtesy towards us. When we think it advisable, we will tell you to invite your friends, but we reserve to ourselves the right to issue the invitation; and if your friends come to see you, we expect that you shall ask our permission if you may receive them.' We have found this to answer.

As these hints are mostly to help the young and troubled housekeeper, we will not conclude without telling them of an excellent book we have lately met with which they will find helpful in teaching them how to arrange for a small dinner-party, and how to instruct a young servant in waiting at table. Who cannot recall some unlucky dinner they gave in their young days of inexperience in housekeeping when everything seemed to go wrong, and they could not tell how to set it right—when the stupid maid put jam on with the cheese, and handed round cucumber with the soup, although when you engaged her she declared she could wait at table! And oh! what anguish when the cutlets you ordered as an *entrée* turn out to be coarse untrimmed chops, and the soup an unknown but drumly compound. And there sat your husband's bachelor-friend at table; and this was the first little dinner that you had given after your marriage! It was such a failure that you almost wished you had never married at all! These are no mythical worries; and any one who helps the young wife over them is a benefactor, such as Mrs Henry Reeve, who has just written a book on *Cookery and Housekeeping* (London: Longmans) that ought to be in every young wife's *trousseau*. If she be rich, it will tell her how to entertain her friends in the best style; and if her means be limited, it provides the most modest *menus* for every-day use. It gives a chapter on expenditure and the 'cost of eating' that is valuable. One plan we have pursued with success, and therefore we offer it as a parting if troublesome suggestion; but then nothing good was ever gained without a little of that ingredient. In houses where tradesmen call for orders, there should always be a system of check-books kept, and everything ordered should be entered by the boy or man who calls for orders into this home check-book, which can then be compared with the tradesmen's books at the end of the week.

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